*Desd.* Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him. *Enter* Othello.
*Emi.* Looke where he comes.
*Des.* I will not leaue him now,
Let *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my Lord?
*Oth.* Well my good Lady: O hardnesse to dissemble:
How doe you *Desdomona?*
*Des.* Well, my good Lord.
*Oth.* Giue me your hand, this hand is moist my Lady.
*Des.* It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.
*Oth.* This argues fruitfulnesse and liberall heart,
Not hot and moist, this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty: fasting and praying,
Much castigation, exercise deuout;
For heere's a young and sweating diuell here,
That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,
A franke one.
*Des.* You may indeed say so,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.
*Oth.* A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts.
*Des.* I cannot speake of this, come, come, your promise.
*Oth.* What promise chucke?
*Des.* I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.
*Oth.* I haue a salt and sullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy handkercher,
*Des.* Here my Lord.
*Oth.* That which I gaue you.
*Des.* I haue it not about me.
*Oth.* Not.
*Des.* No faith my Lord.
*Oth.* Thats a fault: that handkercher
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a charmer, and could almost reade
The thoughts of people; she told her while she kept it,
T'would make her amiable, and subdue my father
Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,



Intirely to her loue: But if she lo
Or made a gift of it: my father
Should hold her lothely, and his
After new fancies: she dying, ga
And bid me when my fate woul
To giue it her; I did so, and tak
Make it a darling, like your pret
To loose, or giue't away, were su
As nothing else could match.
*Desd.* I'st possible?
*Oth.* Tis true, there's magic
A Sybell that had numbred in t
The Sun to make two hundred
In her prophetique fury, sowed
The wormes were hallowed th
And it was died in Mummy, wit
Conserues of maidens hearts.
*Des.* Ifaith i'st true?
*Oth.* Most veritable, therefo
*Des.* Then would to God, t
*Oth.* Ha, wherefore?
*Des.* Why doe you speake s
*Oth.* I'st lost? i'st gone? spe
*Des.* Heauen blesse vs.
*Oth.* Say you?
*Des.* It is not lost, but what
*Oth.* Ha.
*Des.* I say it is not lost.
*Oth.* Fetch't, let me see it,
*Des.* Why so I can sir, but I
This is a tricke, to put me from
I pray let *Cassio*, be receiu'd ag
*Oth.* Fetch me that handker
*Des.* Come, come, you'll neu
*Oth.* The handkercher.
*Des.* I pray talke me of *Cass*
*Oth.* The handkercher.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22304) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.3